

Covenant Split

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Summary: The Arbiter, Sergeant Johnson, UNSC, and the Covenant helping the Arbiter fight and hunt down the Prophet of Truth to regain Elites pride. READ AND REVIEW! SUGGESTIONS PLEASE!

1. Chapter 1

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Chapter 1:

Regroup-----

The gold armored Elite titled 'Leormee fired his Carbine's last few rounds into a Flood combat form. The parasite gave a deep moan and fell to the floor, dead. 'Leormee tossed his weapon aside and began to look for another. To his luck, a Plasma Rifle lay several feet from him. As he picked it up the door behind him hissed open revealing an Elite, his armor covered in green gore.

" My name is 'Asammee, former Honor Guard." The newcomer said as he hand polished his guard armor.

" I am 'Leormee. What are you doing here?" 'Leormee asked, quite puzzled at the moment.

" I have been ordered to search for any survivors and you are the first." 'Asammee replied sadly.

" Who is in charge?"

" Juke 'Neelmee, a Spec Op Elite. We have rounded up about thirty Elites and fifty Grunts."

" Any Hunters?" 'Leormee questioned quickly.

" Only two, each have some bad injuries. We should be going before

more of the Flood return. My Plasma Rifle is almost depleted and your's must be also."

'Leormee checked the Rifle, _24_. " Yes, I am ready." Both of the warriors left the blood splattered room with only one thing on their mind's. Vengeance.

They spent ten units running through the halls of High Charity when they arrived. 'Neelmee spun quickly aiming both his Needler's at them. With a sigh of relief, he brought the guns down to his waist.

" Glad to see you have returned safely 'Asammee and you have found someone." He said while walking towards them. 'Leormee bowed with his hands outward as 'Neelmee did the same. " I am 'Leormee, commander."

" I am sure 'Asammee has already told you about me." 'Neelmee said glaring at 'Asammee from the corners of his eyes. " Yes I have, commander."

" Good, very good. Now follow me and we will get you some supplies."

'Leormee followed 'Asammee and 'Neelmee to a large group of Grunts, who surrounded several cargo modules. " KiKip and FaFan bring me two Carbines, sixteen plasma grenades, and two Plasma Rifles." 'Neelmee ordered. The Grunts all stood and left except KiKip and FaFan. " We're on it." They both squeaked in a high tone.

'Leormee looked through the Carbine scope. _Perfect, no smudges_. He thought to himself when 'Neelmee jumped onto a cargo module. All of the remaining Grunts, Hunters, and Elites turned to view their leader. 'Neelmee clicked his mandible's as he tried to smile and began to talk.

" The Prophets have betrayed us, lied to us, and stole our honorable position of Honor Guard. We had to watch the Jiralhanae put on our armor taking away the pride that took so long to obtain!

Now the Prophets have kicked us out and left us behind! I shall not stand for this. Come, come and help me in the destruction of the Prophet. Come and help me stop the Great Journey. Come and help me bring pride and honor back to our races!"

A roar of applause and cheering arose from the crowd. The Hunters rose their shield's and bellowed deeply. The Grunts squawked and barked in approval but the speech had the biggest affect on the Elites. They began to recite a battle cry, in their own language. 'Leormee shouted the cry as it rolled through his head.

The Elites finished as a low hum began, which sounded like a Phantom. The roof above them exploded, showering them with debris. Four Phantoms slowly lowered themselves into the room with their plasma turrets glowing purple on the tips. A human dropped from one followed closely by an Elite. Every alien in the room aimed at the human when the Elite shouted to stop. Confused, 'Leormee loosened his grip on the Carbine's trigger. 'Neelmee squinted at the Elite thinking why he would protect the human when he noticed who the Elite was.

2. Chapter 2

**Halo: Covenant Split**

Chapter 2:

Arbiter-----

" Arbiter? You are still alive?" 'Neelmee questioned confused as ever.

" Yes I am dear brother and I will tell you how on a later date. For no we must get out of here and track down the Prophet of Truth." The Arbiter replied. The man beside him lit a cigar and put it in the corner of his mouth.

"So are we going to get all emotional or are we going to kick some alienâ€¦|" The man was interrupted.

" Patience, Sergeant Johnson. We must first gather our numbers. The Prophet will be heavily guarded."

The Arbiter said as he nodded at 'Asammee. Suddenly, the doors into the bay exploded inward impacting into the backs of some Grunts. Hundreds of Flood poured into the room, looking for their next victim.

" Open fire!" 'Neelmee shouted; tossing a plasma grenade at the entrance of the hangar. Johnson brought his Br 55 up to his eye and began emptying lead toward the massive charge. He then pulled the pin on a fragmentation grenade and lobbed it at a combat form that just struck down a red-armored Elite. The orb dropped between it's legs and exploded, turning the ex-Elite into ash.

The Arbiter rolled as one of the beast jumped at him. His shields flickered as a whip-like finger smacked him directly in the chest. As the combat form turned to charge again, the Arbiter pulled out a beam sword. The Arbiter then lashed forward cutting the creature in half.

" Nice one, Arbiter." Johnson smirked. 'Neelmee's shields dropped when a dozen infection forms jumped at him. All but one died. The one starred at 'Neelmee for a second than leapt through the air toward his prey. Right before making contact with the Elite Johnson fired his last burst through the Flood form. 'Neelmee looked at the Sergeant, as his shields rose up, with a smile.

" Thank you, human. I owe you one."

At least a hour later, the battle was over. Green, blue, orange, red, and purple blood coated the entire hangar and remains were scattered everywhere. Few Grunts still breathed and six Elites died. The Arbiter was checking the pulse of a dead Elite when Sgt. Johnson kneeled down by him.

" Everyone fought hard, Arbiter. The time will come when you can have revenge." Johnson said, uncharacteristically.

" It's not revenge I want Johnson, it's pride."

'Neelmee stood in his Phantom as it lifted off from the Holy City._
And I shall never return! _He thought to himself as he clicked his
mandibles. One of the Grunts in his Phantom waddled up to
'Neelmee.

" Excuse meâ€¦| excuse meâ€¦| excuse me!" The Grunt squeaked. 'Neelmee
looked down and saw this small body.

" What is it, SiGan?" The annoyed Elite asked.

" I was talking to the other Grunts and we decided we would fight to
the death for you and the Arbiter." SiGan barked as he saluted while
tumbling backwards.

" Tell you and your Grunts that we appreciate their help."

On the second of three Phantoms, the Arbiter and Johnson were
checking the Hunters wounds.

Johnson starred at the oozing, foamy, gash on the back of the badly
injured Hunter. He touched it with some biofoam, not knowing what to
use to help a Hunter. The beast let out a loud bellow when the foam
was inserted.

" Hell no. I am not doing whatever the hell you just said."

" He is just wincing Sergeant." The Arbiter explained.

" I don't care what the hell he's doing Arbiter. All I wanted to do
was shot the guts out of stuff when I joined the core. I had no idea
I'd be wiping a Hunter's ass, let alone anyone's ass." Sergeant
Johnson shot back.

" Settle down, settle down." The Arbiter moved his mandibles in what
looked to be like a chuckle. The destination of the three Phantoms
was known only by the Arbiter and Johnson, Earth.

End
file.